Lord *Thaliard* from *Antiochus* is welcome.

Thal. From him I come with message vnto Princely *Pericles*, but since my landing I haue vnderstood, your Lord has betooke himself to vnknown trauayles, now message must returne from whence it came.

Hell. Wee haue no reason to desire it commended to our Master, not to vs, yet ere you shall depart, this wee desire as friends to *Antioch*, we may feast in *Tyre*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleon the Gouernour of Tharsus with his wife and others.

Cleon My *Dioniza* shall we rest vs here,
And by relating tales of others griefes,
See if t'will teach vs to forget our owne?

Dion. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,
For who digs hills because they doe aspire?
Throwes downe one mountayne to cast vp a higher:
O my distressed Lord, euen such our griefes are,
Here they are but felt, and seene with mischiefes eyes,
But like to Groues being topt, they higher rise.

Cleon. O *Dioniza*,
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceale his hunger till hee famish?
Our tongues and sorrowes doe sound deepe:
Our woes into the aire, our eyes to weepe,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclayme
Them louder, that if heauen slumber, while
Their creatures want, they may awake
Their helpers, to comfort them.
Ile then discourse our woes felt seuerall yeares
And wanting breath to speake helpe me with teares.

Dion. Ile do my best Sir.

Cleon. This *Tharsus*, ore which I haue the Gouernment,
A City on whom plenty held full hand:
For riches strewde her selfe euen in the streets,

Whose

Whose towers bore-heads so high they kist the clowdes,
And strangers neuer beheld, but wondred at,
Whose men and dames so ietted and adorn'de,
Like one anothers glasse to trimme them by:
Their tables were stor'de full to glad the sight,
And not so much to feede on, as delight,
All pouerty was scorn'de, and pride so great,
The name of helpe grew odious to repeate.

Dion. O t'is too true.

Cleon. But see what heauen can do by this our change:
These mouthes who but of late, earth, sea, and ayre,
Were all too little to content and Please,
Although they gaue their creatures in aboundance:
As houses are defil'de for want of vse,
They are now staru'de for want of exercise:
Those pallats who not yet to sauers yonger,
Must haue inuentions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread and beg for it:
These mothers who to nouzell vp their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To eate those little darlings whom they lou'de,
So sharpe are hungers teeth, that man and wife,
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life.
Here stands a Lord, and there a Lady weeping:
Here many sinke, yet those which see them fall,
Haue scarce strength left to giue them buryall.
Is not this true?

Dion. Our cheekes and hollow eyes do witnesse it.

Cleon. O let those Cities that of plenties cup,
And her prosperityes so largely taste,
With their superfluous ryots heare these teares,
The misery of *Tharsus* may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the Lord Gouernour?

Cleon. Here, speake out thy sorrowes, which ô bring'st

in

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